

I'll Put You On

Bluejuice

There's a song
For the girl that I can't fuck
Give me your name and number, baby
After all, you're bad luck
When it's morning in New York
And it's evening in L.A
I know it's sad you get so lonely, baby
You can't find the words to say

You can call me up
I'll put you on
Give me your name and number, baby
I'll reach your phone

When I'm lying in my room
And your body appearing on my radio
Well I know you saw the future, baby
I've got to get it through to you

You can call me up
I'll put you on
Give me your name and number, baby
I'll reach your phone

And I know this song for the girl that I can't fuck
And I know this song, after all, you're bad luck
Yeah, yeah, yeah
I'll put you on
I'll reach your phone
I'll reach your phone

When I'm staring at my roof
And your body appearing on my radio
When I'm thinking, oh, can you?
Well, I guess that's the way these things go